Red River RATS

HYMNAL

Courtesy of the

WOLF PACK

THE YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI

Tune: The Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Hanoi
Who loves a fighter crew.
She runs the Hanoi Hilton
And she longs to welcome you.
Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh
He has a long goatee.
And if you greet him nicely,
He will let you stay for free.

CHORUS: Her eyes are shaped like almonds,
And I'll give you a hunch,
I don't want to meet her family,
Cause they're a nasty bunch.
It's fish heads and rice for breakfast
And fish heads and rice for tea,
But so long as they don't catch me,
No fish heads and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom,
Or you may fly a Thud,
But if you fly to Hanoi,
Better listen to me Bud.
You may talk of girls in Bangkok,
Or Los Angeles and such,
But the yellow rose of Hanoi
Is just a bit too much.

CHORUS:

Da Nang Lullabye

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

CHORUS: Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in, roll in.
Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in.

I went off to Southeast Asia
To fight my own war in the air.
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,
I don't think that its really fair.

CHORUS:

Each day I go off to fly combat,
Then have a beer when I return.
I usually finish the first one,
Before incoming rounds are heard.

CHORUS:

Each morning we go off to combat,
At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain.
The Gyreens are up even sooner,
To recapture the ramp at Da Nang.

CHORUS:

And now my tour is all over
I'll resume the life that I led.
My wife thinks that its rather silly,
To put sandbags around our bed.

CHORUS:

Jolly Green Hymn

Tune: Marine Hymn

From the mountains of Mugia
To the plains of Uncle Ho.
Your Jolly Greens will grab you,
No matter where you go.
They will come in low across the trees,
With very little gas.
They will hang it out a mile, my boys,
To save your rosy ass.

Ode to Robin Olds

Robin Olds is his name.
Fighting MIGS is his game.
He's got big balls of brass.
He knocks MIGS on their ass.
He leads his Wolf Pack great,
Fighting, and fuck, shit, hate.
Forty-five you've arrived,
Go get number five.

The Battle of the Red River Valley

Tune: The Battle of New Orleans

From Ubon, Thailand we took a little trip
Along with Robin Olds in a Phantom 4 ship
We joined with the tanker and we took a little gas
Then pressed up North For to kick the Commies' ass

CHORUS: Well, they shot their 85's and they
shot their SAM Missiles
And they sent up their MIGS where
the flak couldn't go
They tried like hell to knock down
the Phantoms
From the top of Thud Ridge to the
Hootch of Uncle Ho

Ol' Robin said, We can take 'em by surprise
We'll attack from above and cut 'em down to size
Just follow my example and they'll fall like a
rock
If you save your missiles til we're in their
six o'clock

CHORUS:

Well, we tuned our AIM-9's and we tuned our
AIM 7's
And we turned on our pods and got a green light
We punched off our tanks and we crossed the
Red River
Down Thud Ridge just itchin' for a fight.

CHORUS:

Ol' Ethan said they're West at 35
So we took separation and really looked alive
Then Robin said I've got a Tally Ho
The Air Dot is centered so I'm gonna let 'em go

CHORUS: (Continued next page)

The Battle of Red River Valley - continued

Well the missiles went ballistic and was Robin
ever pissed.
You'd think twas the first time the old man ever
missed.
Robin went heat and made another pass
A sidewinder missile went up the MIGS ass.

CHORUS:

Battle Hymn of the 85mm Gunner
Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the Gloyr of the coming of
the force
And Uncle Ho has yelled and cussed and screamed
till he is hoarse.
"Go out and man your guns my boys you have a job
to do"
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS: Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
I don't what to fight no more.

Now as the Thuds are getting close, beside my gun
I stand.
We all should feel quite proud to stand in defense
of this land.
But getting my ass blown to bits is not what I
call grand.
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS:

There's 750's all around, the sky is full of shit
And smoke and dust and arms and legs; don't like
it one damn bit.
If they miss me this last time I think that I
shall quit.
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS:

We got hit and now are down below in Commie hell
Each day they scare us pissless in a way we know
so well
Our Commie Satin he stand up; you hear that
bastard yell
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS:

WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

We've been working on the railroad
Every fucking day.
We've been working on the railroad,
Up Thai Nguyen way.

Uncle Ho ain't got no railroad,
No rolling stock or switches,
But Seventh frags us on the railroad,
Those dirty sons of bitches.

SAM's galore, 57's too,
85's will scragg your old Yazoo!
Fuck, Shit, Hate, Shit Hot too
So what the hell is new.

Someone's up a tree on Thud Ridge,
Someone's in the drink I know o-o-o-o
Someone's in the karst near Hoa Lac,
Shouting on the radio.

Shouting, Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh
Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh, oh, oh,oh
Fee, Fi Jolly Green Oh
Only 99 more to go.

#1 Clismas Song

Tune:

Chestnuts roasting on a Thailand fire,
Bull frogs singing in the choir,
Samlars singing Ho, Ho, Ho,
It's Melly Clismas you know.

Geicos clawling acloss the cold bare floor,
Flied lice cooking on the stove,
Tee Lucks kissing neath the mistle toe,
It's Melly Climas you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss,
Garlic breath gets in my way,
VC's roasting in an napalm fire.
Melly Clismas Uncle Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street,
Napalm rising at their feet,
I dropped it low, but they went too slow,
Melly Clismas dear Ho.

VC making love near rice paddy,
Tee Lucks eyes are all aglow,
Twenty mike-mikes up his ass,
Tee Luck screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds,
Chappie joined him over there,
We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,
Over Ubon Rjachtani tonight...

The Happy Refueler

Tune: The Happy Wanderer

Each day we go a wandering
Along your tanker track.
And invert tells us with a smile,
You passed them ten miles back.

CHORUS: Breakaway, breakaway, breakaway,
Breakaway
Breakaway, breakaway
We hear the boomers cry.

The 52's will win the war
We gather from reports.
I'd trade one little tanker crew
For a wing of Stratoforts.

CHORUS:

We deploy across the seas
To lands both near and far.
Your navigator pleads with us
To tell him where we are.

CHORUS:

If you weren't here to fight the war
I heard a pilot said
This would a boring job
We'd never cross the Red

CHORUS:

The Green Beret

Hey there fella, in the green beret,
After this day you can truly say
That ole Charlie died in the blast
And the Mini gun has saved your ass.

CHORUS: Escalators of the war,
As the afterburners roar.
Air Force flyers of the sky,
Charlie Cong, prepare to die.

Paratroopers with sining boots;
Funny clothes and silk parachutes,
The average troop, so young and fair,
When there's trouble, they call for Air.

CHORUS:

Stout leg soldiers on the ground,
Watching centuries fly around,
Keep you head turned to the sky,
That's why today you did not die.

CHORUS:

Hey there sailor on the sea,
Bow you head, it's the F-4C.
While ole Charlie goes up in smoke,
Drink up Swabbie and finish you coke.

CHORUS:

Watch our Charlie, check you "six"
There's a napalm cocktail, here's the mix.
For we are out to get your ass,
And leave it there in the elephant grass.

CHORUS:

Song of the Wolf Pack
Tune Ghost Riders In The Sky

Oh pilots of the Wolf Pack
Go to the briefing room
The mission is a good one
To the MIGS it will mean doom
We're going up to Hanoi
To Kep and Phuc Yen too
To write our bloody record
In the annals of the blue

We take off in our Phantoms
To play our deadly cards
The engines make our thunder
And our eyes are steely hard
We're on the way to battle
The forces of the foe
We're certain to destroy them
We'll seek them high and low.

We battle today, and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the sky

We cycle through the tanker
The tension starts to rise
We go to meet our destiny
Awaiting in the skies
We tune and arm our missiles
As we streak across the black
Our boss is in the forefront
Leading the Wolf Pack

We're showing on their radar
Their hearts are full of hate
They rise to meet the challenge
To meet their bloody fate
They're headed for disaster
As any fool can tell
They dare to face the Wolf Pack
We'll shoot them clear to hell

Continued next page

Song of the Wolf Pack (Continued)

We battle today, and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the Sky

Wolf Pack lead says "Contact"
They're MIGS, a flight of two
I'm too close for the sparrow
The sidewinder will do
I'll roll into the six o'clock
Behind the trailing MIG
And let him have a missile
Just like a fiery GIG

Oh other flights engaged more MIGS
Hot action filled the air
The Wolf Pack's lust was sated
Before heading for their lair
The enemy won't soon forget
The awesome deadly toll
As the 8th Wing troops return to base
And make their victory rolls

We battle today and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the sky.

Wolf Pack Fighting Song

Tune: Cornell Song

Contact joy stick back
Roaring thru the blue
We are the men of the Great Eighth Wing
Fighters tried and true
We are the heroes of the night
To hell with the Commies' might
Bold brave Wolf Pack
Defenders of the right

Drink a toast to all the Wolf Pack
To those daring men
May they always win the battle
Live to fight again

For we are rulers of the blue
MIG killing, wrecking crew
Fight, fight, fight, fight
Fighting Wolf Pack true.

Our Leaders
Tune: Manana

At Phillips Range in Kansas
The jocks all had the knack
But now that we're in combat,
We got Colonels on our back,
And every time we say shit hot,
Or whistle in the bar,
We have to answer to somebody,
Looking for a star.

CHORUS: Our leaders, our leaders
Our leaders is what they always say,
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one,
And the jocks were scared as hell,
They ran to meet us with a beer,
And said that we were swell,
But Recce told the D.D.A.
And said we missed a hair,
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell,
From wheels at Seventh Air.

CHORUS:

They send us out in bunches,
To bomb a bridge and die,
These tactics are for bombers,
That our leaders used to fly.
The Big Pictures evades us,
And that is way I guess
We have to leave our thinking
To the wheels in J.C.S.

CHORUS:

(Continued)

Our Leaders (Continued)

The J.C.S. are generals,
And they're not always right,
Sometimes they have to think it over,
Well in to the night.
When they have a question,
Or something they can't hack,
They have to leave the judgement
To that money saving Mac.

CHORUS:

Now Mac's job is in danger,
For he's on salary too.
To be the final say so,
I something he can't do.
Before we fly the mission,
And everythings O.K.
He has to get permission
From Flight Leader L.B.J.

CHORUS:

A Pilot In A Tall Tree
Tune: The Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first day of Christmas
My C. O. gave to me
A Pilot in a tall tree

On the second day of Christmas
My C. O. gave to me
Two big GAM's
And a pilot in a tall tree

On the third day of Christmas
My C. O. gave to me
Three fuel tanks
Two big GAM's
And a pilot in a tall tree

On the fourth day of Christmas
My C. O. gave to me
Four GAR Eights
Three fuel tanks
Two big GAM's
And a pilot in a tall tree

On the fifth day of Christmas
My C. O. gave to me
---Five---MIG's -- to -- chase
Four GAR Eights
Three fuel tanks
Two big GAM's
And a pilot in a tall tree

On the sixth day of Christmas
My C. O. gave to me
Six SAM's a singing
--Five--MIG's -- to -- chase
Four GAR Eights
Three fuel tanks
Two big GAM's
And a pilot in a tall tree

(Continued)

A Pilot in a Tall Tree (Continued)

On the seventh day of Christmas
My C. O. gave to me
Seven days of rest
Six SAM's a singing
--Five--MIG's -- to -- chase
Four GAR Eights
Three fuel tanks
Two big GAM's
And a pilot in a tall tree.

On the eighth day of Christmas
My C. O. gave to me
Eight Seven-Fifties
Seven days of rest
Six SAM's a singing
--Five--MIG's -- to -- chase
Four GAR Eights
Three fuel tanks
Two big GAM's
And a pilot in a tall tree.

Flak Showers

Tune: April Showers

Although flak showers may come your way,
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
"My fuel in BINGO, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight you may
Stay and fight alone.
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day.
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see."

You Can Tell A Fighter Pilot

Tune: My Eyes Have Seen the Glory

By thering around his eyeball,
You can tell a bombardier.
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around his rear.
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, maps and such.
You can tell a fighter jockey, but you cannot tell him much!

Big Eye

Tune: You Are My Sunshine

You are my Big Eye, my only Big Eye,
You guide my fighters
When skies are grey
I chase your bogies from here to Hanoi
Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other days boys, as I was flying,
I heard Big Eye Controller say:
"I've got a bogie down by Hanoi,
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact,
And I believed him like a dope,
I flew to Hanoi - and still no bogie,
He had chased a fly across the scope!

You were my Big Eye, my only Big Eye,
How could you let me down this way?
My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin'
Won't you take that Big Eye away?

Napalm

Tune: Good Ship Titanic

It was up by Hanoi where the Red meets the sea
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand,
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)
There were husbands and wive.
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when the napalm went down.

It was up by Dong Hoi where I won my DFC
I was out on a recce to see what I could see.
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go.
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad
It was sad when those rockets went down (hit the steeple)
All the people ran like hell,
When those rockets hit the bell,
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Thi Nugen when I knew that I was through
The 37's & 57's had shot my turbine through.
It was when I hit the silk-Oh, my God, I strained my milk!
It was sad when that pilot went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when that pilot went down.

Ting-A-Ling

Beside a Vietnam waterfall
One bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered fighter
A young pursuitor lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words
This young pursuitor said:

"I'm going to a better land
Where everything is right
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
There's poker every night
There's not a fucking thing to do
But sit around and sing
Where girls are really women
Oh, death where is thy sting?"

Oh, death where is they sting-a-ling-a-ling
Oh, death where is they sting?
The bells of hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.....so;

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming by and by.

The Mouse

The liquor was spilled on the bar room floor,
And the bar was closed for the night,
When out of a hole came a little brown mouse
And sat in the pale moonlight
He lapped up the liquor on the bar room floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And all night long you could hear him roar:
"Bring on that God Damned Cat"

Whiffenpoof

From a hootch in Southeast Asia
To the place where aces dwell
To the bars in old home base
We know so well

See the fighter jocks assemble
With their glasses raised on high
In a toast to a comrade who just fell

We will throw our glasses wildly
And throw our bombs as well
Til the finks at 7th Air Force go to hell.

We are poor fighter jocks who
Have lost our way, help, help, help
We flew to the town of Hanoi today, help, help, help.

Steely eyed pilots up in the blue
Lead got zapped by a SA-2
Let's hawl ass or he'll get us too
AB now.

Air Corps Lament
Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky.
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly.
But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,
The Air Force has gone to Hell.

CHORUS: Glory--flying regulations have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them
The Air Force has gone to Hell

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred thousand strong.
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong.
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song.
The Air Force has gone to Hell.

CHORUS:

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame..
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name.
But now they fly like sissies and hang their heads in shame.
Their spirits shot to Hell.

CHORUS:

They flew their rugged Thunderjets through a living hell of flak.
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations Shack
Their technique's gone to Hell.

CHORUS: ?

Continued next page

Air Corps Lament (Continued)

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberators, too,
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue.
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,
And we can't fly them for Hell.

CHORUS:

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel,
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,
But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin', groanin' squeal,
And it will not climb for Hell.

CHORUS:

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang the fighting song,
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong.
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong.
The Air Force has gone to Hell.

CHORUS:

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game.
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame.
But now that's all VERBOTEN and we're all so gosh-darn tame,
Our spirit's shot to Hell.

CHORUS:

Continued next page.

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CHORUS:

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Air Corps Lament (Continued)

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that
Or you will burn in Hell.

CHORUS:

Have you ever climbed a Phantom up to where the air is thin?
Have you stuck her long nose down just to hear the screaming din?
Have you tried to do it lately?
Bette not -- you'll auger in.
And then you'll sure catch Hell.

CHORUS:

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old.
When pilots took their choice of being old or "young and bold".
Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite old.
The Air Force has gone to Hell.

CHORUS:

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may still be wet,
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set.
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let
The Air Force fly like Hell.

CHORUS: Glory -- no more regulations,
Rip them down at every station,
Ground the guy that tries to make one
And let us fly like Hell.

Bosom Buddies

A fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
Around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said:

Why did I join the Air Force?
Mother, dear Mother knew best.
Here I lay under the wreckage,
An F-4 all over my chest.

Take the dive brakes out of my kidneys,
Take the buckets out of my brain,
Take the throttle out of my shinbone,
And assemble that Phantom again.

CHORUS: We are the boys who fly high in the sky.
Bosom buddies while boozin'
We are the lads that they send out to die;
Bosom buddies while boozin'

There in the hangar they sing and they shout
They talk about things they know nothing about.
We are the boys who fly high in the sky.
Bosom buddies while boozin'

I Wanted Wings

I wanted wings till I got the God Damn things
Now I don't want them anymore.
They taught me how to fly,
And they sent me here to die,
I've had a bellyful of war,
You can save those God Damn zeros for the God Damn heroes,
Cause Distinguished Flying Crosses
Do no compensate for losses -- Buster

CHORUS: I wanted wings till I got the God Damn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames,
Air combat spelled romance, but it made me wet my pants,
I'm not a fighter I have learned
You can save those messerschmitzes
For the other sons of bitches
Cause I'd rather ---a woman than be shot down by a Grumman. -- Buster

CHORUS:

I'm too young to die in a damned old PBY
That's for the eager not for me
I don't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Oh I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat top
With my hand around a bottle, not around a God Damn throttle -- Buster

CHORUS:

Continued next page

I Wanted Wings (Continued)

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes my loose my lunch
I get no hey-hey when they holler bombs away
I'd rather be home with the bunch
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off that is
When they shoot your ---- off.
Oh, I'd rather come home buster, with my -----
than with a cluster, -- Buster

CHORUS:

I don't fly for fun in a P-dash five crash one
Blazing a patch for Patton's tank
My wife don't want insurance and I'm not out for endurance,
I'd rather go to Paris and spend Francs
In England it was blitzes and in France it is Messerschmitzes
Oh, I feel like such a sucker when my---starts to pucker -- sucker

CHORUS:

They fed us lousy chow but we stayed alive somehow.
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew,
What will they think of next, they'll be dehydrating sex,
On that day I'll tell the coach I'm through
Oh, I really love my bumpin and I like to do my pumpin,
But I'd rather C___ with chowder than to C___ with hunks of powder - Buster

CHORUS:

If You Fly

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today?
Did you go BOOM today?
Two more blew up yesterday
G.E. ain't here to stay.

If you fly an Eighty-nine
You must be deaf, dumb and blind
For you life ain't worth a dime,
What's your scheduled blow up time?

If you fly a ninety-four
You will never holler no more,
For your lot we do not pine
It's better than an Eighty-nine.

CHORUS:

If you fly an Eighty-six
You will really get your kicks
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys
Playing with their radar toys.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 101
Tell yourself its really fun
One day it will pitch up with you
And you will wish you never flew

CHORUS:

If you fly a 102
Don't go up unless its blue
For if you feel one drop of rain
You'll be in pieces not a plane.

CHORUS:

Continued next page

If You Fly (Continued)

If you fly a 104
The whole world flocks to your door
Range is short, the wings don't last
But golly it sure does fly fast

CHORUS:

If you fly a Thunderchief
You will soon shake like a leaf
Flying it may make you sick
It handles like a great big brick

CHORUS:

If you fly a Phanton two
You're flying days will soon be through
It flies at twice the speed of sound
If you can get it off the ground

CHORUS:

On Top Of Old Thud Ridge

Tune: On Top Of Old Smokey

On top of old Thud Ridge
All covered with flak
I lost my poor wing man
He'll never get back

For flying is a pleasure
And dying a grief,
And a quick triggered Commie
Is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you
And take all you save
But a quick triggered Commie
Will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not a Commie in a thousand
Can an old F-4 trust.

Now when the bad weather
Keeps the ships down
All day we can hear this
Horrible sound:

"Attention all pilots
Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting
That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures
Then give us some more,
But we have all heard them
Twenty-five times or more.

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On Top Of Old Thud Ridge (Continued)

Now listen you trainees
You can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you
Is superfluous poop.

Now the moral of this story
Is easy to see
Don't go to Haiphong
Or old Quang Khe

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish little girls were like little white rabbits,
And I were a buck and I'd teach them bad habits

CHORUS: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over, it's better than way

I wish all young girls were like statues of Venus
And I were a man with a petrified penus

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like bats in a steeple
And I were a bat there'd be more bats than people

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like mountain road passes
And I were a sports car I'd buzz all their asses

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like diamonds and rubies
And I were a jeweler I'd polish their boobies

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like B-29's and I were
a Fighter pilot, I'd buzz their behinds

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like strawberry patches
And I were a farmer I'd harvest their snatches.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like fish in a pool.
And I were a shark with a water proof tool.

CHORUS:

Continued next page

Roll Your Leg Over (Continued)

I wish all young girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a wave I'd show them the motions.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like trees in a forest
And I were a woodsman I'd split their Clitoris

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like mares in a stable
And I were a groom I'd mount all I was able

CHORUS:

JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND

CHORUS: Oh, I don't want to be a pilot
I don't want to go to war
Just want to hang around Piccadilly
on the ground
Livin' off the earnings of me high born
lady

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
Wednesday success; I lifted up her dress,
Thursday her chemise I did see,
Now, Friday I put my hand on it,
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak, tweak, tweak
It was Sunday after supper I shoved the old boy up 'er
And now she earns me seven and six a week, cor' blimey

CHORUS:

I don't want a bullet up me arse hole,
I don't want me buttocks shot away.
I just want to stay in England, in jolly, jolly
England
And fornicate me bloody life away.

CHORUS:

Send out the members of the home guard
They'll keep England free
You can send out your brother, your sister and
your mother
But for God sakes don't send me

AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high, into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar,
We live in fame, or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the U. S. Air Force.

RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying,
And he never saw the medal that he earned,
Many jocks have flown into the valley,
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission,
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,
But we're going to the Red River Valley,
And today you are flying my wing.

Oh the flak is so thick in the valley,
That the MIG's and the missiles we don't need.
So fly high and down sun in the valley,
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley,
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton,
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley,
In the states it had always been fun,
But with thunder and lightning all around us,
T'was the last A.A.R. for TEAK one.

When he came to a bridge in the valley,
He saw a duty that he couldn't shun,
For the first to roll in on the target,
Was my leader old TEAK number One.

Oh, he flew through the flak toward the target,
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead,
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,
T'was fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefing,
We will sit there and tickle the beads,
For we're going to the Red River Valley,
And my call sign today is TEAK lead.